

AMERICAN PEOPLE GREAT SPENDERS

Billions of Dollars Thrown Away
for Trifles That Ought to
Set Nation Thinking.

SOME WAYS MONEY GOES

Postcard and Cheap Souvenirs Take
Big Sum Every Year—Billions
Spent for Needless Telephone
Calls and Telegrams.

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.

It seems incongruous that in this rich and wonderful land of ours it should be necessary to conduct mighty selling and advertising campaigns in order to raise money to crush our enemies—cruel and dangerous enemies who are bent on throttling the very liberty on which our country has been built. If we really felt the impulse, we could raise six or eight billion dollars spontaneously and without the glare of salesmanship and publicity; and we would do it so easily that Germany and her allies would stand aghast at our overwhelming resources and purpose.

The trouble is that even yet we do not realize the tragedy that is over us. The war has not sunk into the American consciousness. With a million or more of our boys in France, and the casualty lists coming home every day, we still lack the pulsating fervor of intrepid courage—the courage that wells within one and stirs the soul.

Fighting Impulse Needed.

The one unquestionable evidence of courage is the willingness to sacrifice. A man who sees his child in deadly peril is instantly ready to sacrifice everything, even his life. It takes no argument to "sell" to him the need of courage. He gets it from within. The fighting impulse dominates his every instinct. What we most need in America today is fighting impulse. Once we get it the doom of Germany, as a menace to ourselves and to the world, will be sealed. If we had this valiant, undaunted determination we could raise, this coming year, not merely six or eight billion, but as many billion as our country might need. Let us search our hearts, therefore, and discover why it is that brass-band methods are needed to sell us Liberty bonds. It seems all the more incredible that such should be the case when the money we are asked to contribute is merely money saved for ourselves.

Indeed, we could put through this fourth Liberty loan without even feeling it directly. I am not talking here about great sacrifices. With merely trivial and passing inhibition we can make this fourth loan a glorious manifestation of Americanism.

Never was there such a nation of spenders—we literally throw money to the winds. Cash runs out of our pockets into a hundred channels of extravagance. Tempted at every turn by something that appeals to our pleasure-saturated instincts, we hand out the dimes, quarters and dollars. We work hard, most of us, and we play hard. Many of us play with an amazing abandon that scarcely reckons the cost. And we gratify ourselves not only at plays, but we satisfy our luxury-loving tendencies and our vanity in many of the things that enter into our daily lives.

Let us consider here merely the millions that go for trivial things that do not count as permanent investments either for utility or luxury.

Millions Spent for Cards.

For instance, take our post card mania. This habit, which perhaps we would not criticize in times of peace, is almost universal. A dealer estimates that 50,000,000 people spend an average of a dollar a year on the cheaper kinds of cards, and an additional sum of a hundred million dollars on postage. But on the fancy cards and more expensive sets, sold largely to tourists, the estimate is \$200,000,000, in addition to the postage. Including the cards that are kept by the purchasers, it is probable that the total is half a billion dollars. Many men have made fortunes in this business. I know of the former valentine manufacturer who retired with a lot of money.

It is certainly inconsistent that this great sum should go for such a trivial purpose when the nation is involved in this mighty war that calls for cash overwhelmingly. Here is one expenditure that could be eliminated almost wholly, until the war is over. Besides this amount put into Liberty bonds might mean something worth while to the people themselves.

Then there is another class of souvenirs that masquerade as merchandise and absorb an astonishing amount of money. Travelers and tourists especially waste their cash upon these things, and immense quantities are sold to the people everywhere. The bulk of this stuff is useless junk—at least in war time, when conservation is the high need. Why spend our money these days for fancy baskets, card trays, wooden clasp articles, knick-knacks, trinkets, popguns, stuff and what whams? The souvenir stores in Atlantic City, Ashbury Park, Coney Island, Revere Beach near Boston, Venice near Los Angeles, and similar establishments take more than a hundred million dollars out of our pockets every summer. One small town in Atlantic City sells a hundred thousand dollars worth, on which the net profit is over fifty thousand. There are factories that turn out this sort of product in vast quantities, and much

of it is fraud stuff. Wooden articles are reputed to be made from trees that grow on historic spots, but are really bogus. Strings of beads are manufactured by the mile and sold to the public as the work of Indians. The same is true of moosehorns, toy canoes and the like.

At best the bulk of these goods is rubbish, and our outgo for this purpose might well be cut off entirely during the war. To do this requires absolutely no sacrifice. The people engaged in this business will simply have to do what so many of us have already done, adjust themselves to war.

Aside from souvenirs, we are wanton spenders for actual merchandise that is inferior or worthless. There is a great class of people to whom cheapness or flashiness appeals, rather than utility and economy. A dealer in cheap goods told me that he netted \$25,000 a year from merchandise that was practically worthless. He found it easy to appeal to the spending instincts of his customers.

Unnecessary Phone Calls.

Not many of us ever stop to think of the immense amount of money that is spent for unnecessary telephone calls. Wherever you go the telephone booths are occupied, and when you catch fragments of the conversations you usually find them unimportant. Reginald calls up his best girl to tell her he still loves her, Maude calls Al-gernon to thank him for the chocolates. No matter how trivial the occasion, our first impulse is to step into a telephone booth.

If five million people would save one five-cent call a day it would mean a total of over ninety million dollars a year. Doubtless several times this sum could be saved very easily by the general public on local and long-distance calls. We are lavishly extravagant in the use of the telephone. I know of business houses that talk several times a day between New York and Chicago, incurring tolls on each occasion that run from five to forty dollars or more. If there is one thing that the Americans haven't learned it is economy of talk—which in these days of war need might well mean millions of dollars in Liberty Bonds. The telephone wires are heavily overtaxed, anyhow.

Then there is the telegraph. We have this habit, too. With a little planning we could commonly use a three-cent stamp instead of a ten-word message. One large wholesale house requires all its traveling men to report daily by telegram, an expenditure that might be eliminated. The telegraph tolls of some of the large industrial and commercial establishments are so big that they seem incredible.

The night letter is, in a measure, a luxury, at least we could do away with the social phase of it and much of the domestic. I happen to know one business man, who on his frequent and long absences from home, gets a night letter from his wife every morning and sends one each night. Nor are these messages confined to fifty words, but often run several times that length. Baby had the colic; Freddy fell downstairs and skinned his knee; Jeannette had her hair washed.

I happen to be acquainted also with a young man who revels in night letters to his fiancée. They are real letters, too, beginning like this: "Darling Sue—I love you more than ever. I couldn't sleep last night thinking of you. Do you love me still? . . ."

A certain business man, the head of a large concern, goes away at intervals to rest for a week or two, but insists on having a night letter every morning, narrating the substance of the previous day's business. These messages run into hundreds of words every day.

I would not belittle the night letter; but in the present stress we need to curtail whatever part of this expense may be unnecessary, and loan the money to the government.

The Taxicab Mania.

We Americans also have the taxicab mania. There is a very large class of men and women who ride in cabs habitually, and let go immense sums in the aggregate. They take taxicabs to go a few blocks. In a group of twenty leading cities there are about four hundred thousand of these vehicles, and if each of them absorbed ten dollars every day in unnecessary fares the aggregate would be over fourteen million dollars a year. What would be the total for the whole United States? It is a luxury to jump into a cab whenever ones wants to move about, but these are stern times and we need to be more iron-minded. The boys in France do not ride in cabs, and the money we waste on this form of luxury might better go into gas masks for them.

We Americans men saturate ourselves with many kinds of soft indulgences—as in the barber shops. These places in the high class hotels, as well as the better shops outside, take from us immense sums—for what? Here is a typical list: Shave, 25c; haircut, 50c; shampoo, 25c; bay rum, 15c; face massage, 35c; manicure, 50c; shine, 10c; tips, 20c; total \$2.40. It is not uncommon for men to go through the whole list, and to pay additional money for hair tonics and other fancy frills.

When we analyze this list we find that the only item really necessary is the haircut—and perhaps the shine. Men can shave themselves at a cost of two or three cents, and save perhaps half an hour in time. Our soldier boys cannot indulge in these effeminacies. Many of them, in those good old days of peace, were in the class that patronized these shops, but today they are made of more Draconian stuff. Why should we ourselves indulge in these costly habits when the nation calls for cannon to back our troops abroad?

If a million men spend an average of

50 cents a day unnecessarily in barber shops we have a total of \$182,500,000 under the actual figures, taking into consideration all classes of people. In the less exclusive barber shops one finds a continual stream of men, of the moderate salary class, who indulge in the items I have enumerated. We might guess the total ought to be at least half a billion dollars.

To have our shoes shined we spend at least \$100,000,000 a year and a million more than the market price for shoe laces because we wish to avoid the trouble of putting them in ourselves. Some of this expense undoubtedly is necessary, but while the war lasts we need not be ashamed of any form of Spartan economy. We can be tight handed and rigorous with our nickels and dimes without being open to the charge of stinginess—provided we use the money for government needs. We can shine our own shoes for a tenth of this hundred million dollars. There are in New York a number of men who have grown very wealthy from the shoe-shining business. Among them are some large tenement owners—one reputed to be worth millions. There are more than fifty thousand bootblack places in the United States, some of them employing a dozen or more men. The majority of these bootblacks are within the fighting age, at least they ought to be doing some sort of war service, instead of shining shoes—while American blood runs so freely on the other side.

Women Big Wasters.

But when it comes to this kind of self-pampering women spend far more money than men. Figures secured from one large department store give some interesting sidelights on possible economies. Its sales of toilet goods last year ran about 13 per cent of its total sales. Thus for every million dollars in sales its customers buy \$13,000 worth of toilet articles. Apply this rate to all the stores in the United States and you have a total of unnumbered millions. The term toilet goods is very elastic, including both necessary and unnecessary articles, but the conscientious war saver no doubt would class one-third of these items as partly dispensable, such as perfume, certain soaps, powders, rouge, toilet waters, so-called beauty compounds, and the like.

America's women are highly scented. We live in an atmosphere redolent with ambrosia. From almost every woman one passes on the "parade" streets of the cities there comes an aura of roses, or perhaps violets. Our girls demand scents in infinite variety, not only in perfume itself, but in hundreds of products. Merely to gratify our sense of olfactory luxury we spend tens of millions of dollars annually. Yet in France the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of our women and girls are sweating and fighting in noisome places amid the stench of disease and death. The odors they get are of gunpowder and blood. Surely we can spare some of our perfume money in the cause for which we sent them abroad.

If it were possible to estimate the money spent by women in New York alone for hairdressing and beauty culture it would undoubtedly run into the tens of millions. One hairdresser in the metropolitan district states that within eighteen months, or since America entered the war, he has built up a business that nets him seven hundred dollars a month.

A woman proprietor of a so-called beauty establishment says that fifty customers bring her a revenue of \$30,000 a year, that she realized a clear profit of \$20,000 on powders, creams and perfumes, that she sold sets of cosmetics at seven hundred dollars each. Thousands of women pay fancy fees for hair waving, tinting and bleaching. One concern announces twelve colors, ranging from black to golden blonde. Much money also goes for removal of freckles, wrinkles treatment, face bleaching and so on. The manicure bill in New York is enormous, and the chiropody outgo large. These places are furnished in the utmost luxury. If only we could impress on women of this class the dreadful hardships our American youths are undergoing in the great cause!

The lesson ought to sink home to all women in America, who in greater or lesser degree, let their good money go for such futile vanities.

It is estimated that a million men and women throughout the country are giving to the Turkish baths an average of a dollar a day. Thus we have a total of \$365,000,000 a year. To this we can add perhaps half as much for massage, attendant fees, special treatment and incidentals.

Bathing is commended, but most of us, at least those who have the Turkish bath habit, can take our ablutions at home. The soldiers in Europe don't have Turkish baths. We imagine we need them here. We eat big dinners and fill ourselves with rheumatic deposits, poison ourselves by gormandizing. We contract colds because our systems are too badly clogged to throw off the germs. It is when we are stuffed with rich viands and all sorts of luxuries that we turn to the Turkish bath for relief. Why not discipline ourselves during the war and transfer all these millions of dollars into the fund that is going to beat autocracy and the German peril?

I have touched on merely a few of the items of unnecessary outgo. The list might be extended indefinitely. But there ought to be enough here to set us thinking, and we can make the extensions ourselves. There is no use denying the fact that the people have not yet put themselves on a war basis financially. We are still wasting millions on trifles. The war would be over now if we had taken ourselves in hand at the beginning.

AIRBOAT PILOTS BATTLE SHARKS

Navy Flyers Flail at Jaws Until
Vessel Rescues Them
at Sea.

CRAFT IS HELPLESS

Engine Goes Dead and Seaplane Is at
Mercy of Waves—School of
Sharks Hungry for
Their Prey.

New York.—The crew and passengers of a steamship which arrived recently saw two seaplanes in the sky 200 miles from port. Everybody was on deck to watch their maneuvers. Suddenly one of the planes dipped out of the sky, and landing on the crest of a wave, was tossed from one billow to another.

The vessel captain ordered all speed ahead in their direction. Meanwhile the pilot and observer had donned their life preservers. The engine had gone dead on them and they were helpless.

Shark's Snout Appears.

Then from out of the choppy water appeared the snout of a shark. Another and another followed and the sea seemed full of fins. The sea wolves hungered for their prey, for they turned on their backs and bit at the pontoons as if they knew the weak spots which separated them from their meal.

The men were horror stricken, realizing that the wreck of the pontoons would throw them into the water, where their life preservers would form little protection from the ravenous jaws.

Strike at Man Eaters.

They succeeded in wrenching loose two uprights from their aircraft and with them walloped every snout that protruded from the water, keeping the sharks away from the pontoons. They beat the waves lustily and yelled at the attacking man eaters. Thus they saved the pontoons until the



The Sea Seemed Full of Fins.

steamship hove to near by and steered their drifting craft to the companion ladder.

A boat was lowered from the steamship and the sailors beat the sharks and water with their oars, the school hanging on to the hydroplane. Finally both pilot and observer were hauled up the companionway out of the rough sea, and with the aid of those in the boat the machine, too, was lifted to the deck. It was in a badly damaged condition, but not beyond repair.

MAN IS "LOST IN WOODS"

Could Hear Street Cars and Scound of
Water, but Couldn't Get
Out.

St. Paul, Minn.—With water only a few feet away, so close he could hear its trickle, and with leaves he raked up around him for his only covering, A. L. Smith, aged forty-three, was "lost in the woods" for three days and nights and lay in a clump of bushes suffering with paralysis and without food or water until found by a patrolman.

Smith's story combined the hardships of the man lost in the woods and the aimless wanderer in the desert, and all the time within a few blocks street cars were passing and hundreds of persons were coming and going, unconscious that almost in halting distance a man was struggling desperately for his life.

Smith wandered away from a grading camp where he was employed and lost his way in the woods. He said he thought it a joke at first, until he passed nearly all one day trying to find a small creek he knew ran through the woods toward the grading camp. He believed he walked in circles until dark, finding neither the creek nor an opening from the woods.

Dreams of Fire; Jumps.

Redding, Cal.—Dreading that the hotel was burning, Thomas Quinlan jumped out of his third-story window and landed on a brick pile. He suffered three broken ribs and internal injuries.



Help That Weak Back!

IN THESE trying times the utmost effort of every man and every woman is necessary. But the man or woman who is handicapped with weak kidneys finds a good day's work impossible, and any work a burden. Lame, aching back; daily headaches, dizzy spells, urinary irregularities and that "all-worn-out" feeling are constant sources of distress and should have prompt attention.

Don't delay! Neglected kidney weakness too often leads to gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back to health. They should help you.

Personal Reports of Real Cases

A MISSOURI CASE.	AN ILLINOIS CASE.
Mrs. C. J. Moore, Malden, Mo., says: "Six years ago my kidneys gave out and I was given up as hopeless. I was swollen all over and my kidneys were inactive. I was flat on my back in bed. Large sacs formed under my eyes and my face was puffed and mottled. My nerves were a wreck and every noise greatly bothered me. My heart was affected, too. When I read of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began using them. They steadily and surely brought me out of bed, putting me on my feet, absolutely cured. For twelve weeks I had lain between life and death, but I am now permanently cured, all through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."	C. B. Cobler, Chicago St., Mar-selles, Ill., says: "For over twenty-five years I suffered from kidney trouble and was told there was no cure for me. I was almost frantic with the pains through my back and I had to walk the floor for hours. The kidney secretions pained in passage and I had chills and hot flashes. My limbs and arms were drawn up all out of shape. Finally I took Doan's Kidney Pills and could soon see I was being helped. I soon felt like a different man and now can do a full day's work. I have no more back-ache and my kidneys are in fine shape."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

60c a Box at All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Mfg. Chem.

Mean Betrayal.
"I say, Nell, has Gladys naturally curly hair?"
"Certainly! It was guaranteed where she bought it."

The Usual Symptom.
Convalescent—Nurse, I—I love you!
Nurse (experienced)—Yes; but you'll get over that when you're really well.

The new woman seems to have given up trying to be an old girl.

ASTHMADOR
AVERTS-RELIEVES
HAY FEVER
ASTHMA
Begin Treatment NOW
All Druggists Guarantee



Remember the Blind Man



Not long ago this young man was suffering with Trachoma. He came to this institution for treatment. Whether or not he was cured here we will leave for you to decide. But in deciding, remember "that a man with Trachoma will not be accepted by the U.S. Army." And this man is now in the army! We will gladly tell you more about him on request.

HALEY EYE INFIRMARY
CENTRALIA, ILL.

Help Save the Harvest

When Our Own Harvest Requirements Are Completed
United States Help Badly Needed
Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for

Help to Harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918

Meets with a request for all available assistance to
GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

The Allied Armies must be fed and therefore it is necessary to save every bit of the crop of the Continent—American and Canadian.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a

Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Fine Comfortable Homes

A card entitling the holder to a rate of one cent per mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return will be given to all harvest applicants.

Every facility will be afforded for admission into Canada and return to the United States.

Information as to wages, railway rates and routes may be had from the

UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
ST. LOUIS, JEFFERSON CITY, JOPLIN, ST. CHARLES, SPRINGFIELD,
SIKESTON, ALTON, ILL.; EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.; PEORIA, ILL.